Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the tratours late
footed in the kingdome?
Reg. To whose hands you haue sent the lunatick King speake?
Glost. I haue a letter gessingly set downe
Which came from one, that's of a neutrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning. *Reg.* And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King? *Glost.* To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer? wast thou not charg'd at perill---
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? let him first answere that.
Glost. I am tide to'h stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer sir?
Glost. Because I would not see thy cruell nayles
Pluck out his poore old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his annoynted flesh rash borish phangs,
The Sea with such a storme on his lowd head
In hell blacke night indur'd, would haue bod vp
And quencht the stelled fires, yet poore old heart,
Hee holpt the heauens to rage,
If wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time
Thou shouldst haue said, good Porter turne the key,
All cruels else subscrib'd but I shall see
The winged vengeance ouertake such children.
Corn. See't shalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
Vpon those eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.
Glost. He that will thinke to liue till he be old
Giue me some helpe, O cruell, O ye Gods!
Reg. One side will mocke another, tother to.
Corn. If you see vengeance---
Seruant. Hold your hand my Lord
I haue seru'd euer since I was a child (you hold.
But better seruice haue I neuer done you, thē now to bid
Reg. How now you dogge.
Seru. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin id'e shake it
on this quarrell, what doe you meane?
Corn. My villaine. *draw and fight.*
Seru. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giue me thy sword, a pesant stand vp thus.

Shee

Shee takes a sword and runs at him behind.

Seruant. Oh I am slaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to
see some mischiefe on him, oh!
Corn. Least it see more preuent it, out vild Ielly
Where is thy luster now?
Glost. All darke and comfortles, wher's my sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund vnbridle all the sparks of nature, to quit this horred act.
Reg. Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was he
that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to
pittie thee.
Glost. O my follies, then *Edgar* was a bus'd,
Kind Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.
Reg. Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to
Douer, how ist my Lord? how looke you?
Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt, follow me Ladie,
Turne out that eyles villaine, throw this slaue vpon
The dungell *Regan*, I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me ey our arme. *Exit.*
Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickednes I doe,
If this man come to good.
2 *Seruant.* If she liue long, & in the end meet the old course
of death, women will all turne monsters.
1 *Ser.* Lets follow the old Earle, and get the bedlom
To lead him where he would, his madnes
Allows it selfe to any thing.
2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to
apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemnd,
Then still contemn'd and flattered to be worst,
The lowest and most deiected thing of Fortune
Stands still in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter,
Who's here, my father parti, eyd, world, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age. *Enter Glost. led by an old man.*
Old man O my good Lord, I haue beene your tenant, & your